In Recital

Robert Clark, baritone

with
Janet Scott-Hoyt, piano

Saturday, April 9, 2005 at 8:00 pm

***Studio* 27**
Fine Arts Building

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (ca. 1840) — Robert Alexander Schumann (1810-1856)

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Lidchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am Leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Troum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

From *La Traviata* (1853) — Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Di Provenza Mar Il Suo

From *Faust* (1859) — Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Avant de Quitter ses Lieux

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932-33) — Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Chanson Romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Clark.

Mr Clark is a recipient of an Edmonton Opera Guild Scholarship, a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate), and a Jason Lang Memorial Scholarship for Academic Achievement.

Reception to follow in Fine Arts Building 2-15.

Translations

Dichterliebe (The Loves of a Poet)

1. In the wonderfully beautiful month of May When all the buds are bursting open, There, from my own heart, Bursts forth my own love.
In the wonderfully beautiful month of May When all the birds are singing, So have I confessed to her My yearning and my longing.

2. From my tears sprout forth Many blooming flowers, And my sighing become joined with The chorus of the nightingales.
And if you love me, dear child, I will send you so many flowers; And before your window should sound The song of the nightingale.

3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them all once in love's bliss. I love them no more, I love only The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One; I love only them.
She herself--the source of all love--IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun I love only that which is small, Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

4. When I gaze into your eyes, All my pain and woe vanishes; Yet when I kiss your lips, I am made wholly and entirely healthy.
When I lay against your breast It comes over me like longing for heaven; Yet when you say, "I love you!" I must cry so bitterly.

5. I want to delve my soul Into the cup of the lily; The lily should give resoundingly A song belonging to my beloved.
The song should shudder and tremble Like the kiss from her lips That she once gave me In a wonderfully sweet hour.

6. In the Rhine, in the holy stream Is it mirrored in the waves - With its great cathedral - That great, holy city Cologne.
In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather; Into the wildness of my life Has it shone, friendly.
Flowers and little cherubs hover Around our beloved Lady; The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--They match my beloved's exactly.

7. I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking! Love lost forever! I bear no grudge. Although you shine in diamond splendour, No beam falls into the night of your heart. I will know that for a long time.
I bear no grudge, and when my heart is breaking! I truly saw you in my dreams And saw the night in the room of your heart, And saw the snake that bites your heart; I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are. I bear no grudge.

8. And if the blooms - the small ones – knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would weep with me To heal my pain.
And if the nightingales knew How sad and ill I am, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.
And if they knew my woe - The little golden stars - They would come down from their heights And speak their consolation to me.
But all of them could not know this, Only one knows my pain; She herself has indeed torn, Torn my heart in two.

9. There is a fluting and fiddling With trumpets blaring in; In a wedding dance dances She who is my heart's whole love.
There is a ringing and roaring, A drumming and sounding of shawms In between which sob and moan The lovely little angels.

10. I hear the dear song sounding That once my beloved sang. And my heart wants to burst so strongly From the savage pressure of pain.
A dark longing is driving me Up into the heights of the woods Where in my tears can be dissolved My own colossal woe.

11. A young man loved a girl Who had chosen another man; This other man loved yet another girl And wed that one.
The first girl married out of spite The first, best man That happened into her path; That young man is not well off.
It is an old story, Yet it remains ever new; And to he whom it has just happened, It will break his heart in two.

12. On a shining summer morning
I wander around my garden. The flowers are whispering and speaking; I, however, wander silently.
The flowers are whispering and speaking And look at me sympathetically. "Do not be angry with our sister, You sad, pale man."

13. I wept in my dream - I dreamed you lay in a grave. I awoke, and my tears Still flowed down my cheeks.
I wept in my dream - I dreamed you had abandoned me. I awoke and I cried Bitterly for a long while.
I wept in my dream - I dreamed you were still good to me. I awoke, and still Streams my flood of tears.

14. Nightly I see you in my dreams And I see you greet me, friendly, And crying out loudly, I throw myself At your sweet feet.
You look at me sorrowfully And shake your dear, blond head; From your eyes sneak forth The pearly teardrops.
You say a soft word to me secretly, And give me a branch of the cypress; I awake, and the branch is gone, And I have forgotten the word.

15. From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand, Where there is a singing and sounding Of a magical land,
Where multicoloured flowers bloom
In golden twilight, And glow lovely and fragrant With their bridal visage,
And where green trees sing Primeval melodies; Where breezes sound secretly, And birds warble,
And mist-figures rise From the earth And dance airy round-dances In an odd chorus,
And blue sparks burn On every leaf and twig, And red lights run In a mad, chaotic circle,
And loud springs break Out of wild marble stone, And in the streams--oddly-- Shine forth the reflections.
Ah! If I could enter there And indulge my heart And give up my agony And be free and holy!
Ah! This is the land of bliss That I see so often in a dream, But when the morning sun comes, It melts like mere froth.

16. The old, angry songs, The dreams angry and wicked--Let us now bury them. Fetch a large coffin.
In it will I lay many things, But I will still not say quite what. The coffin must be still larger As the cask in Hidelberg.
And fetch a death bier And planks firm and thick; They must be still longer Than the bridge to Mainz.
And fetch me, too, twelve giants; They must be still stronger Than that strong St. Christopher In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.
They should carry the coffin away And sink it down deep in the sea, Since such a great coffin Deserves a great grave.
Do you know why the coffin Must be so large and heavy? I sank with it my love And my pain, deep within.

Translation by Paul Hindemith

Di Provenza Mar Il Suo (The Sea and Soil of Provence)

The sea and soil of Provence -- who has erased them from your heart From your native, fulsome sun -- what destiny stole you away? Oh, remember in your sorrow that joy glowed on you, and that only there peace can yet shine upon you. God has guided me! Ah, your old father -- You don't know how much he has suffered! With you far away, with misery has his house become full. But if in the end I find you again, if hope did not fail within me, if the voice of honour didn't become silenced in you, God has heard me!

Translation by Jonathan H Ward

Avant de Quitter ses Lieux (Before Leaving this Place)

Before leaving this place, Native soil of my ancestors, To you, Lord and King of Heaven My sister I entrust. Deign from all danger Always, always to protect her, This sister, so dear, Deign from all danger to protect her, Deign to protect her from all danger! Delivered from a sad thought, I will go in search of glory, Glory in the midst of enemies, The first, the bravest, In the heat of the fray, I will go to do combat for my country, And if, to him, God calls me back, I will watch over you loyally, Oh, Marguerite!
Before leaving this place, Native soil of my ancestors, To you, Lord and King of Heaven, I entrust my sister! Oh King of Heaven, look down (on her), Protect Marguerite, King of Heaven!

Translation by Lea Frey

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (Don Quixote to Dulcinea)

1. **Romantic song**
Were you to tell me that the earth offended you with so much turning, speedily would I dispatch Panza: you should see it motionless and silent.
Were you to tell me that you are weary of the sky too much adorned with stars, destroying the divine order, with one blow I would sweep them from the night. Were you to tell me that space thus made empty does not please you, god-like Knight, lance in hand I would stud the passing wind with stars. But were you to tell me that my blood belongs more to myself than to you, my
Lady, I would pale beneath the reproach and I would die, blessing you. O Dulcinea.

2. **Epic song**
Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty to see my Lady and to hear her, Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me to please her and to defend her Good Saint Michael, I pray you descend with Saint George upon the altar of the Madonna of the blue mantle. With a beam from heaven bless my sword and its equal in purity and its equal in piety and its equal in chastity: My Lady.
O great Saint George and Saint Michael
the angel who watches over my watch,
My gentle Lady so much resembling you, Madonna of the blue mantle! Amen.

3. **Drinking song**
A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine will bring misery to my heart, my soul!
I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim to which I go straight... when I am drunk!
A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired
mistress, who whines, who weeps and vows ever to be this pallid lover who waters the wine of his intoxication!
I drink to joy! Joy is the one aim to which I go straight... when I am drunk!

Translation by Winifred Radford

Upcoming Events

April

10 Sunday, 3:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Concert Band
Wendy Grasdahl, Director
Featuring works by Robert Russell Bennett, Edward Elgar, Norman Dello Joio, and Camille Saint-Saëns
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

10 Sunday, 3:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Rob Curtis, choral conducting
Featuring works by
Purcell, Aguiar, Stanford,
Janequin, de Lassus, Brahms,
Somers, Henderson, and Debussy
St Timothy's Anglican Church
Free admission

10 Sunday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Symphony Orchestra
Tanya Prochazka, Conductor
Schumann *Konzertstück , Op 86*
for Four Solo Horns and Orchestra
Shostakovich *Cello Concert No. 1*
Soloist **Anthony Bacon**,
Winner, USO Concerto Competition
Moussorgsky
Pictures at an Exhibition
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

11 Monday, 12:00 noon
Noon Hour Organ Recital
featuring graduate and undergraduate students of the University of Alberta Department of Music
Free admission

11 Monday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Ruston Vuori, piano
Free admission

15 Friday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Eileen Kim, piano
Free admission

18 Monday, 8:00 pm
Composers Concert
Featuring recent works of
U of A Student Composers
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building
Free admission

28 Thursday, 6:30 pm
Doctor of Music Lecture Recital
Bianca Baciu, piano
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building
Free admission

department of Music

Please donate to Campus Food Bank

Unless otherwise indicated
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).